52 Tavistock Sqre.

March 1. 1937

Monday.

Yes Ethel dear, it'll be very nice to see you — I don't know why it comes into my mind to shut my book & keep this note out of sight at the moment, & that I'm feeling washed & waddled, — so, instead, turn to the sun over the moor. D. you remember walking on the golf & course ma' Mom, & I used this. & you promptly squatted in a pavilion & made water? How I loathe the publishing of books — especially books that are so bad that the worldspoken basket was their true goal, & it should have been, save for Leonard. But not that I mind — what I mind is being hooked & hauled to the surface when my natural dwelling is in the dark at the depths. I cannot write of people & talk to me about what I write. Enough, as the convenient

Ghost of Mrs Pankhurst, or was it Lady P. always
[illegible]: when I'm in need.
What I would like to say, is how brave I
think you. Why do I think so? When? At the
dead of last night being visited by Thought of you
with a clap of admiration, Eyebrows the puffy,
working the book – Thought of you as a little
tossing toyboat might think of a majestic
Sea going white-spread, fountain attended
Dolphin encircled ship – forging on on.
And I whip a stumble in your foam. Now I
believe courage to be the greatest of human
virtues, – the only gift we can impart.
you sometimes think that – oh heres L. with a
manuscript thrust on us by Viola Tree –
what was I saying? – that life is [illegible] yet this
hardness that still faintly terrifies me. yet this
visit my life I'm thinking of: no: of Mrs Evans,
who was in love with Mrs West. So I
must leave this hanging, incluse, a wisp of
cloud crossing the sun. I talked for 7 hours
to Desmond Macarthy on Saturday without a stop.
ga. I do like, I could say love, my
friends. V.

Rota 2.4.63

7th March /37

52 V.S. Sunday

Yes what a gloomy season to be sure. Liked
your thing about Clothild — Oh how's the Belle? —
in the Times. You have a gift of words.
I'm much interested by your theory — that
I like you best in abstract: also that I dislike your
pictures because it drags me to the surface.
No — ~~that's not~~ there are 2 ways of doing it:
the reviewers way I hate: yours I feel on the
contrary tracing & investigating. But then
to explain the difference I should have to
write several rather involved pages of
psychological analysis. I think Proust
explains it, but I can't remember where.
Something I mean about the soul, how its
elements are united differently by different
stimulants; shaken together like those glass
of colour in a funnel that we

blagued with as children. But I'm here nothing
by my mother in law's bedside — she her self —
& feel like a rag just wrung by a washerwoman.
Oh how she afflicts me, lying there alone, blind.
But she pleased me immensely by saying she loved
me better than all her daughters in law.
Now I must stop. No of course I don't want to
make you come up in this bitter blast.
And Eugene seems chirping at me to read them
damned works for them. And I want to sink into
Proust: & I work I had a new book by Proust to read,
& I'll tell you the sad story of Mrs Boran one day -
Swan our best the loved; & Killed. or is so
charged by the other lover — & comes to me in tears, but
now is gone. So no more. How the Pupby?

C.

Why does Eugene bother me about politics? Sir
Willis to sign daily — or nearly so. Do you also
have to trump up this meaningless nonsense,
sign books. sign Willis personally!

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

16 March 37

52 W.

Wednesday.

I listened in & enjoyed it: though I was
sympathetically distressed to hear your sore
throat. By the way, a fruit flower ointment
also listened. The first night, I said
your voice alone commanded homage from you
greatness: all character, all charm,
majesty, he said, were in it: & he also
eminently admired what the voice said.
What an unbearable woman you are!
Woman your codes — not giving your book: on
Good one: because then one don't exact praise.
But Lord love us, if you want, unbribed,
to write, what more cd. I wish? Only

I wdn't. I'll see ya. Rather work all the
stuffing. Rest today, the last chapter, has
as much as are wants. And it's all
very bad, but such meat, - morally.

I'm so rushed Want
with even my usual travail.
I've been bothered about Julian,
Venus boy, wanting to fight me
Yank: I have to stop him,
which means seeing people - politician.
But this - by the way is
Confidential.

Yrs.

How are ya?

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

52 Tavistock Sq.

Wednesday April 7./37

Yes - Ring up on Friday. I think it'll be all right. I had to go to Lyndhurst to see my old Greek teacher who, dying, asked me to come. That what set the pain off again - but it's gone very quick this time. What a nice letter from Maurice! I liked it. I was so entirely convinced that the book was a complete failure that I still feel anaesthetized - can't believe anyone can like it. It's a comfortable numb sensation. Yet I get the usual, a more than the usual letter - from the oddest people - which I should suppose

at this moment. But I can't write at all.

Hear Mamie – Yes, I do like it – I've just had it again the Baby – would she mean Cure L. do you think?

NYPL

Ruta 2. V. 63

V.

Oh I'm learning the B'Zl – have to speak on the 29th – haven't a word in my head to sing at a dog & Gebhon to finish for the 27th And what about your sack? Coals, M'B Mean?

May 5. 37

Wednesday

52 W.

I'm sorry I've been so dumb.
But I've been forced to
work) don't know how many
letters I can make myself
take up a friendly pen.
On Friday we sail France
Manor for; London 3
weeks then. I don't at
the moment know where — Exact
that we shall taste each
Montaigne's tower — but

anywhere, anywhere out of this world.
I began this letter; meaning to rush out
buy three stockings vest: here I dressed
Macarthy— says he must spend the
whole afternoon in Evening discussing
a lecture on my father. My God,
what do people think one's made
of? Such a rush of things to do
that even without him I couldn't
remember any thoughts worth
writing. > Its the Irish Stephen lecture.
Desmond says. And aren't you his
daughter. But must I write your
lecture for you? And so on. Well
Ecco this just a scamper. I will
send a letter I hope from France.
2 of you should write, they would
forward. Richie the book & the dog
are doing well. I saw Vita
the other day. V.

Rota 2. V. 43

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